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**The Reader
Participation
Rubber
Magazine**





For Those Who Seek Sensuousness In Rubber

SMOOTH

Is Your Magazine.

Contents

| | |
|--|----|
| Editorial | 4 |
| A Rubbing Week-End | 8 |
| Fantasy Behind the Gas Mask | 15 |
| Rubber Reflection | 18 |
| Mistress Mackintosh | 26 |
| My Interest in Rubber-Lined Macks | 28 |
| Classified | 34 |
| Eyes on Rubber and Latex Fashion | 40 |
| Rubber Sightings Page | 43 |
| Fantasy College of Rubber Discipline | 45 |



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It is our editorial policy to make SMOOTH a truly and genuine reader orientated publication, to do this we need your co-operation. We want you, and you, and yes, you too, to participate through the medium of letters, photos and drawings. SMOOTH wants to hear from you, we want to publish your views, your experiences and to help all those interested in the 'rubber-scene' to exchange opinions, and by doing so to derive more satisfaction and enjoyment out of life through the involvement with RUBBER.

Those interested in rubber have for too long been deprived of their very own publication. SMOOTH is just that magazine. Its success depends on YOU. Let us have your letters and photos. Only initials, or your own chosen 'pen name', and County will be used when we publish your letters and photos. We look forward to hearing from you at:

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Hello Dear Reader,

It is good to be able to speak to you again. I am pleased to say issue number 22 was well received with my own serial 'A Rubbing Week-end' coming in for plenty of praise. One of my regular letter writers, A.M. from Gloucester, asks if it is going to be published in full length book form in the same way Rubber Enticement was treated. I quote from his letter "I find it very exciting to have to wait a month for each part of your story 'A Rubbing Week-end' Heather. Each instalment thrills me so much I cannot wait for the next one and this has taught me to adopt the same tactic with your Rubber Enticement book. Although I have of course read it all the way through I now only read certain sections of it at a time and when I get to a particularly exciting episode I make myself break off until the next evening before I continue. Let me give you an example, Heather, from your book on page 68 I start reading:

It was enough to provoke in Janet the intensest excitement. She wriggled and writhed to his fingers through the latex, coming to her peak almost at once. But when she came she was content that he should continue caressing and fondling her for she knew that it would be only a short time before he would bring her off again. Valentine himself was rapidly reaching the point of no return, even though he had done no more than suck her breasts and feel her through rubber. He felt he had no right to insist that Janet's zip be unfastened, nor was it so important for him. Instead, he manoeuvred himself between her legs and adopting the coital position he moved his prick between her rubber-clad thighs, quickly coming to a climax and ejaculating in her crotch.

She knew at once that he had come and she drew him close in an embrace to show that she was pleased with him. She was glad he had been so excited by the rubber that he had been able to come off so easily.

It was at that moment that Mrs Martin returned. Valentine was horrified to hear her enter the room but he was quickly reassured by her words.

Heather

'Not to worry, Val,' she said. 'There's no man in the world could resist our young Janet when she's dressed in rubber. I almost anticipated that this would happen; I suppose that's why I didn't come back straight away. Now you have experienced something of the thrills of rubber on someone else perhaps you'd like to wear some yourself.'

'Terrific,' said an uninhibited Valentine. 'Have you really got something a man could wear?'

'Let's go to my bedroom and see what we've got there,' said Glenda. She was followed by Valentine and then, when she had wiped her tights clean, by Janet who was full of anticipation at the thought of Valentine being in rubber.

Valentine began to feel he had entered a new world. It seemed to him that few men could be so fortunate as to have the lovely rubber-clad Janet to make love to, nor such a generous hostess as his old friend Mrs Martin. She had deliberately connived, he guessed, at his seduction by the girl as a preliminary to introducing him to rubber. How glad he was that he had come that week-end to her cottage for he sensed that what had happened to him and what he was about to experience would be a turning-point in his life.

He had read somewhere about interest in rubber but he had never taken what he read very seriously. Now he began to see that he had been mistaken for it was already plain to him that rubber had a special kind of appeal for some people, including Janet and Glenda, as well as himself.

When they reached her bedroom, Glenda went to the wardrobe and produced a black latex jacket with sleeves, a pair of shorts with a penis-shaped protrusion, and a pair of rubber boots.

'These should fit you, I think,' said Glenda, handing the items to Valentine. 'Once you

Random

get in these you'll know what rubber is really about.'

Janet felt a rising excitement at the thought that Val might make love to her in rubber. She wanted to wear rubber, but she also wanted her men in rubber. She was now certain that there could be no experience in life more thrilling than to be dressed in rubber underwear while a man, also in rubber, inserted a rubber-sheathed penis in her body. It seemed to her that that would be the very acme of sexual delight

Valentine dressed fairly quickly in the black outfit with some assistance from Glenda whom attended to the zip fasteners. When he had put on all the items he stood in front of her, waiting for her comments.

'You look terribly exciting,' said Glenda. 'Doesn't he, Janet?'

'Terribly,' said the girl, beginning to tremble at the thought of being made love to by the rubber-clad Valentine. But perhaps Glenda wouldn't be so accommodating as she had been before

Valentine felt his desires intensify as he stood in the rubber outfit, his penis already tumescent in the sheath fitted to the shorts. He felt at first the smooth coolness of the rubber, but it wasn't long before he began to perspire in the rubber and this only seemed to increase his lustful feelings. Oh, if only Glenda would now leave them alone!

He was to get his way, for Glenda suddenly decided that she ought to make a long-distance phone call.

'I'll leave you two to enjoy yourselves in rubber,' she added as she left them. 'I'll join you later.'

Janet walked over to Valentine as soon as Glenda left the room, kissing him on his lips and pulling him towards the large double-bed.

'Oh, it's so exciting to see and be with a man in rubber,' she panted. 'I want you so much now.'

"From me
to you"



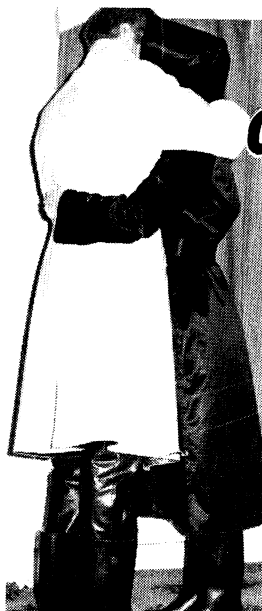
'And I want you, darling,' he told her as he felt the rubber-clad girl in his arms, felt the wonderful smooth buoyancy of her buttocks as he ran his hands over them.

They lay on the bed, Janet on her back as Valentine leant over her, feeling her through the latex. Already her nipples were jutting provocatively through the aperture in the bra cups and Valentine bent over and took one between his lips, his desires intensified by the smell of the surrounding warm rubber. He suckled on the teat greedily, drawing it as far as he could through the hole, his face in her rubber cleavage.

* * *

I can then consider all the next day what Valentine and Janet are going to do in their rubber outfits, and wondering if Glenda is

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going to return to take part in the rubbering, so that by the time I pick up the book again to continue I am stimulated by apprehensive excitement. I will do the same if you publish Rubbering Week-end as a book, but in the meantime I am forced to read only one instalment at a time, when Smooth is published."

I am flattered that this reader gets so much pleasure from my Rubber Enticement story, especially as he must have read it several times over by now, and yet still finds it stimulating. I do not think 'A Rubbering Week-end' will be published in book form so hopefully readers will have The Rubber Amalgam, in which the first two chapters were published, and Smooth from Number 21 onwards to complete the story.

Rubberwear details

You will find elsewhere in this issue details of rubberwear we can offer at very much reduced prices. Unfortunately we only have the sizes mentioned in the ad so it is no use writing in for other sizes. Sorry about that, but although the selection may be limited if there is anything there you want you must be delighted with the price we are asking.

I have a note in front of me from my publisher telling me we have a lot of very good photos for this issue as well as plenty of letters, and so I am taking the hint and not going on too long with my own tittle-tattle, so reluctantly I am going to bid you good-bye until next month.

Happy rubbering 'till then, keep writing to me and don't forget how much I appreciate your photos.

Sincerely yours,
Heather.

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GASMASK CONNOISSEUR



Dear Heather,

As a regular reader of Smooth and Relate, I was in fact a regular contributor to the latter, but so far not to the former. I've been meaning to do as your regularly request in your column, put pen to paper. There has been many articles which I felt merited a letter but somehow it never got written.

Having read Carole of Derby's letter in Vol 18 I was most interested to read her subsequent one in Vol 21 enquiring about gas masks. No doubt by now she will have had many replies and that you yourself will have answered her query. However in case she still hasn't obtained a gas mask and to save her a considerable outlay I would be only too pleased to loan her one of mine. Perhaps you would be kind enough to pass on my address so that if she's interested she can drop me a line and let me know what type she would like to try. I have a collection of over 50 so she has a wide choice, I'm quite

certain I've several that would fit her, given the chance to experiment with the various types I think she would find one or more she enjoys wearing.

I enclose a couple of photos from my collection so that she can get some idea of the vast difference there is in types. I do in fact have the rare german civilian Volksgargmaske in a female size. If she would like to see others I can forward a complete range of shots.

To end I would like to say how much I enjoyed reading your *Rubber Enticement* story. The plot has long been a particular pet of mine and on reading your account it was almost as if my own thoughts were being expressed hopefully there will be a sequel, as no doubt like many other readers found it makes compulsive and exciting reading, especially when dressed for pleasure.

Yours sincerely,
A.R., (Rubber Knight).

A RUBBERING WEEK-END

By Heather Random

The first two chapters of the stimulating rubberistic experiences of Richard and Mandy Bowes were published in The Rubber Amalgam (if you have not yet obtained your personal copy of this superb publication an order form is in another part of this issue of Smooth) and subsequent chapters in Smooth 21, 22 and 23.

"DOMINANT FEMALE WITH SUBMISSIVE HUSBAND WANTS TO HEAR FROM OTHER FEMALES, OR COUPLES, INTERESTED IN RUBBER. WE LIKE FRENCH, WATER SPORTS, HUMILIATION AND ANYTHING ON THE EROTIC RUBBER SCENE. SINCERE AND DISCREET. REPLY TO BOX NUMBER XXXX".

This was the advertisement that led to the young couple, Richard and Mandy Bowes visiting the home of Glenda and George Lang. Richard loved rubber, his pretty wife was, so far, comparatively innocent concerning the sensual gratification obtainable from rubber, but a couple of days, and nights, under the jurisdiction of the domineering Glenda Lang were to educate her to a way of life she would not have believed existed.

Part Six

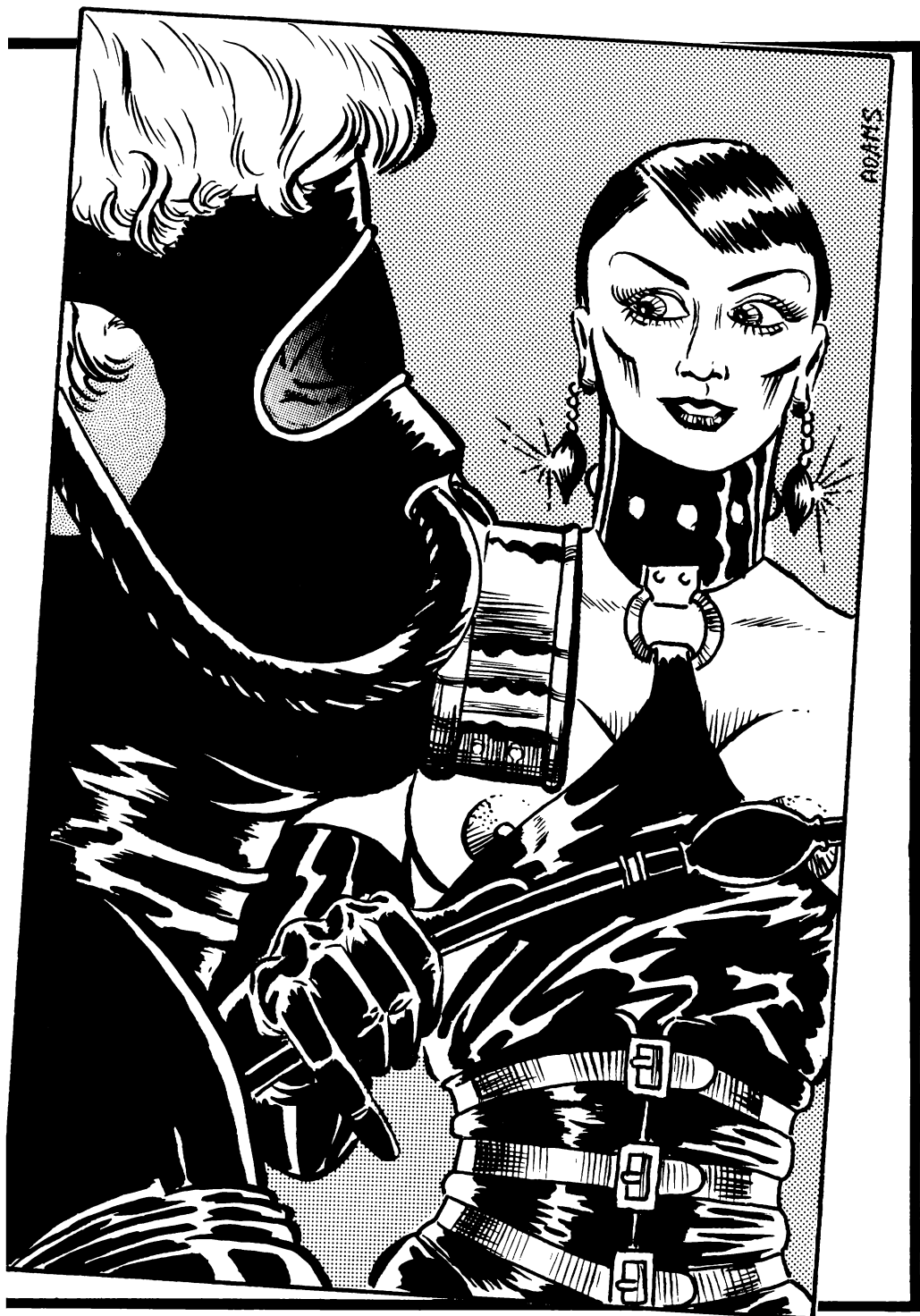
If Richard thought he was going to be allowed to luxuriate with the damp smooth rubbery crotch band of Mrs Glenda Lang's to his nostrils for his own benefit he had a

shock coming to him. It was for HER pleasure, not his that she had him performing down there between her lovely thighs and as soon as she had experienced her second climax she pushed him away.

"Bring our two guests up to the mirror room George," she told her husband, "give me a few minutes to prepare and whilst you are waiting you can have the snub-nosed gas mask put on him ready for the next session".

George grinned, he knew what that meant when she said prepare a guest with the special snub noser. He knew but to the young couple it meant little. They were soon to find out. As soon as his wife had gone from the room George produced from the cupboard of a fashionable side-board what appeared to be a rubber cape and a gas-mask type of hear wear apparatus made of black latex. At the front was a circular attachment which the wearer would find was a dense filter through which air was drawn to the mouth. Close to the filter, on the inside of the latex, protruded two small nozzles, these fitted in a natural fashion into the nostrils, and the air through them was passed along lengths of tubing from outside the mask. It was quickly apparent that the wearer would be restricted to breathing 'rubber air' all the while the latex gas-mask was in place.

"I want you to put on this mask Richard, your wife will help you. That's right my dear, adjust the straps nicely. I shall know when you have it tight enough because we shall hear a sizzling sound from the filter when he breaths in. Good, now you have done that very nicely you can help him get into this special suiting. It must be over his naked



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body, the thin rubber must be next to his flesh".

The 'special suiting' was of thin, but strong latex, manufactured into a boiler-suit shape which, when he was safely into it Richard discovered had a cut-away at the front of the crotch area and another at the rear, level with his anus. It was a strange sensation to be enclosed to breath rubber and to have his body encased in thin rubber and yet have vital erogenous zones such as his genitals and bottom cleft exposed. His wife linked her arm in his and almost gleefully led him as they followed George along the passageway to another room at the rear of the house. This was to prove to be the mirror room, called thus because every wall was covered from floor to ceiling by mirrors which reflected in vivid three dimensional detail every activity taking place within the room. So it was that the bizarre clad Glenda Lang was viewed from all angles in her strange rubber and leather-laced garb. Her outfit consisted of a figure hugging thin black latex body stocking, drawn tautly about her shapely body by three leather straps across her abdomen tightly fastened by gleaming buckles. The top of the garment was low cut beneath the arms to reveal most of her ample breasts and the centre of the bodice piece was kept in position by a single ring fastening to a rubber collar about her neck. It was not only her unusual, provocative apparel that made Richard draw in his breath but the ominous looking tubing and bulb affair she held in her black rubber gloved hands.

Learnt a little

"I think it is time our guests learnt a little about the water sports we mentioned in our advertisement they were so kind to answer" chuckled the woman as she indicated the young man was to be taken across to a narrow oblong shaped bench-table that stood in the centre of the mirror room. "Your wife told my husband she did not understand some of the wording in our ad so now dear Richard I am going to demonstrate on you for her education. I suppose you know what this is eh"? she waved the tubing about in

front of the young couple, "it is a part of my enema equipment, the mild part I might add, but I think it will suffice for you as your first experience of the type of enema I like to give my guests. Lay over on your stomach please young man and stretch your legs apart, that's right, let your feet and ankles hand over the edge".

Free access

Richard was conscious the way his rubber boiler-suit was constructed allowed free access to his bottom, and his genitals which were also left bare by the opening at the front of the suiting were making tingling delightful contact with the rough horse-hair padding with which the top surface of bench-table was fitted. His wife with George standing close behind her, his arms encircling her waist, stood close by to witness the commencement of the 'water-sports' their hostess was so anxious to show them. They watched Glenda put her hands on the young man's waist and hoist his hips upwards. "On your knees slightly" she told him. "I want your arse well up, a bit higher, that's it, keep like that". She parted the slit in the rubber suiting so that a wider area of his white buttocks were revealed. Just for a fleeting moment she cupped his heavily swaying testicles in her palm and a smile of satisfaction crossed her features as if she was more than pleased with their weight and size. She reached into a small drawer at the side of the table for the jar of lubricant jelly which she carefully smoothed over and along the nozzle attached to one end of the tubing. She stood so that Richard could see what she was doing, and as so often happened when a male watched her preparing his special rubberised enema treatment the sexual organ began to twitch, jerk and then grow, a phenomenon which was not lost on the watching couple. "Will you part your husband's bottom cheeks for me Mandy". The young wife was eager to obey Glenda's command and watched avidly as the greased nozzle slid into the tight but resilient opening. Inch after inch disappeared causing him to grunt and twist his hips and to his wife's amazement his penis jerked spasmod-

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ically into further growth to at least half erectness. Glenda bent the tubing that remained visible into an upward curve and attached the screw end to the base of a plastic container she had brought out of the drawer.

"Alright dear, you can let go his arse now. I want you to hold this container for me just about a couple of feet above his bottom. Good, hold it steady, I expect it is heavier than you thought. It is filled with a specially spiced substance that makes the fluid very heavy. It will make a delightful load for your husband's first experience of water sports".

Glenda released a clip on the tubing close to the base of the container and they immediately heard the young man cry out in startled surprise. Glenda kept one hand on the bulb in the tubing, her other hand reached under Richard's upthrust loins to clasp his now rigid shaft in her rubber-gloved fingers. "That gave you a good jolt young man didn't it, and here is another one to show you I mean to give you a thorough treatment".

Ran Smoothly

The fluid ran smoothly through the rubbing but when she sharply compressed the bulb the flow became momentarily fierce, making him gasp and fight for breath in his strange gas-mask. The wheezing sound through the filter increased as indeed did the size of his erection coaxed not only by the unaccustomed feeling in his innards but by the rubber fingers toying with his foreskin. She only released her hold on him and the tubing when she decided it was time for the next step in his rubbering education. She went to the head of the bench-table a foot or so away from his face as he tilted it upwards to watch her as she arrogantly stood with feet well apart and teasingly fingered her well pronounced fleshy vulva through the thin latex. "Pull the nozzle out dear" she told Mandy "he has taken all the contents of the vessel and is quite bloated".

"Please, oh please" he pleaded as soon as the nozzle was eased from his rectum, "I want to go to the toilet, please, I must go . . . I MUST . . . I MUST".

"Oh no, not yet you mustn't" Glenda enjoyed his discomfort and derived a terrific kick from seeing how massive his penis had now grown. "I can see there is something else you need far more urgently young man. Just look at the size of your husband's prick Mandy. I think it has grown larger now than when I let him have his nose to the crotch band of my rubber knickers. Look at him squirming, he doesn't know whether to draw back from the urgency in his bowels or to thrust forward to ease his aching cock".

"I can't hold it much longer".

"Of course you can, what are you a man or a weakling mouse"? The more he pleaded the more his wife as well as Glenda and George enjoyed his predicament. They say the woman shuffle closer to the end of the table so that her well fingered crotchband of rubber was within touching distance of that snub-nosed frontpiece of his gas-mask. She arched her belly at him until the breathing snout was flush against her rubbered vulva, now when he inhaled, as he had to very rapidly not only to get breath but to in some way help diminish the urgency in his bowels, he inhaled the strong pungent odour of female sex heat and RUBBER. To add to his lust-craved discomfort she took the ends of the two loose tubes that lead direct through the mask to his nostrils and insinuated the ends UNDER the crotch piece of her rubber so that they penetrated into her intimate gash. The sense of small and the young man possessed was completely taken over by the sickly acid-sweet fragrance of hot womanhood again mingled with the all important ingredient — RUBBER.

Water-sport practice

George, experienced in this water-sport practice his wife loved to engage in, knew their latest victim was close to surrender. Quickly he produced a rubber plug from the table drawer and expertly inserted it into the distended anus so that a disaster at that end was now averted for the time being, he knew that this would result in the young man seeking release in his genital region with more frantic urgency. Mandy had put down the tubing and empty container and moved

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along the side of the table to get a better view of her husband's engorged penis. "Pull him up on his knees and make him bend backwards" she was told, and as she obeyed Glenda's request she realised Richard's loins were now thrust forward in a harsh arc and that his bowels would be more compressed. His blunt-nosepiece was now free of course from the rubber crotch but the two tubes were long enough to remain under Glenda's rubber garment even though he was kneeling up away from her so that the scent of womanly heat, and rubber, still invaded his nostrils. It was all too much for him, just as George and Glenda knew it would be. They could see through the visor his eyes were bleary with passion and desire and from beneath the gas-mask came his muffled cries and gasps as suddenly his whole body contorted in unrestrained movements as he was compelled to reach his orgasmic peak and spew the precious fluid from his testicles out of the tip of his throbbing shaft in an arc to splatter against the skin-tight rubber crotch-piece and belly of the grinning woman in front of him.

Not until he was full spent and collapsed in an exhausted state flat on to the table was a bed-pan produced for him and merciful release allowed as George unplugged him. The young couple's first lesson in water-sports was complete.

To be continued.

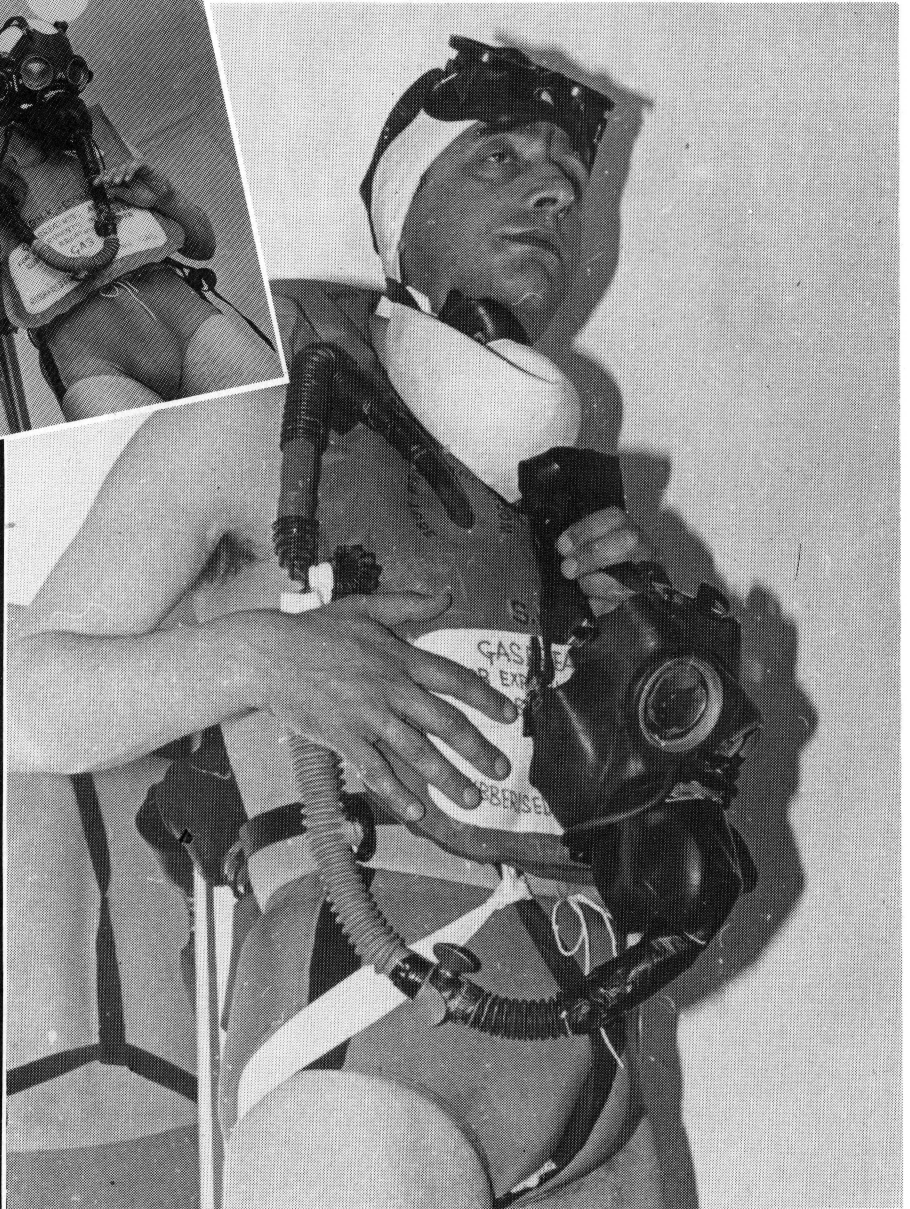
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FANTASY BEHIND THE GAS MASK



'Smooth' reader S.H.K. Essex — relates in his rubber gear and checks it out in the mirror.

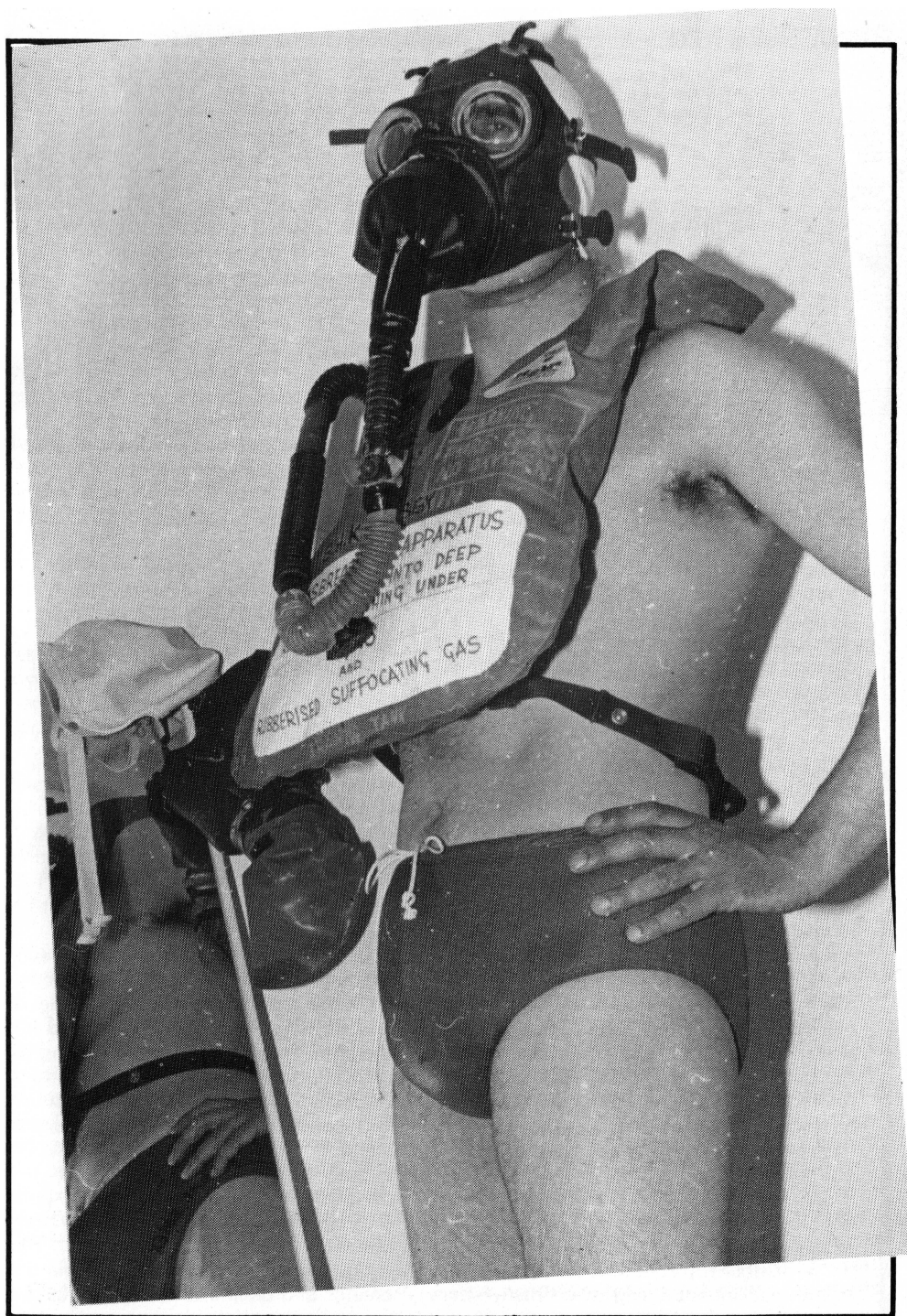
Using his Nikon with Tri-X Pan black and white film



EXPLORING THE PLEASURES OF RUBBER AND 'GAS MASKS'

Feeling fantastic and ready to go. A full erection in his swim-trunks S.H.K. is ready to enjoy breathing rubber into a glorious climax when he will ejaculate fully and freely into his trunks.

S.H.K. is wearing his favourite 'classic' equipment. Gas mask — breathing hose — breathing bag — and rubber swim-cap. Also very lightweight — close fitting stretch rayon swim-trunks.



This was the final photo of a particularly delicious — long and deep session! Wow!

Preparing for Splashing Rain

It is what I term a pleasant day. As I awake on this Sunday morning in mid-November I glance out through the uncurtained bedroom window to see that it is overcast with a promise of rain. It is very mild indeed for the time of year, but there is little I can do in the garden. Marvellous weather for a walk.

I stretch luxuriously beneath my new gold rubber sheets, cocooned as I am within them, by body oozing with sweat within the clinging slithering folds of the cream coloured two-piece rubber suit. My head is covered by a cream rubber open face helmet, and under the suit I have on a pair of matching rubber knickers. And sliding wetly under them is my thick penis that is rampant with thoughts and a night's dream of rubber.

I have just been reading, as I lay there quietly in my rubber bed, one of the latest copies of Smooth, and I am struck by the fact that many correspondents, and presumably others who are rubber lovers but do not write of their experiences, adore the words *rubber* and *mackintosh*. In particular the word *mackintosh*. As I've said before, a most exciting word and one which Glossi-mac (Smooth No. 16) would like to see mentioned more often. I agree with him. The word is an absolute "turn on". Little did that Scot who gave his name to such a creation realise how, in time, so many people would be sexually aroused purely by the sound of it. It is a stupendous word, and now as I spell it out softly to myself . . . "M . . . a . . . c . . . k . . . i . . . n . . . t . . . o . . . s . . . h" I have that feeling of happiness and expectation, a nervous excitement of titillation.

I remember my aunt and the introduction to my mackintosh loving of so many years

ago. Even then, to hear her say, "I had better wear my mackintosh today," or "Go and fetch me my mackintosh, darling", I twitch with increasing vigour. Admittedly the Scot who introduced it didn't have that "k" in his name; it is something which has been added over the years, but it makes it that much nicer and rolls so easily off the tongue. *Mackintosh*.

Then there was cousin Jo, the first girl who had actually masturbated me in the pictures whilst wearing a mackintosh. She loved to say the word, often in the beginning with a feeling of annoyance, almost of distaste, and yet with a resignation that, over a period of time, became more of a delight. In the beginning with a feeling of annoyance, almost of distaste, and yet with a resignation that, over a period of time, became more of a delight. In the beginning it was, "Do I *have* to wear my mackintosh, mummy?"; then later, "May I wear my mackintosh please, mummy?" or "Can I have a new mackintosh please, mummy?"

Oh, fabulous memories!

Never forget

Then June, and of course I could never forget Pat nor Great nor Joan. Pat was perhaps the most avid disciple who used the word with such adoration and realised how much it turned me on as well as it did herself. "Beautiful wonderful mackintosh" she used to say, often as she kissed me and rustled it around her body and mine to make me even more aroused than ever.

Back to today — this wonderful overcast Sunday. I rise slowly from my bed, throwing back the top sheet with a cascading slither and slowly slide my rubber covered legs to the floor. I slip my feet into a waiting pair of plimsolls close by, bending forward to do up the laces and finding my penis pressing hotly and proudly into my stomach up towards my chest. Soon I shall be wearing a falsy, or that in-built breast and corset affair I have designed which allows the erect penis to slide up and yet not be detected from the outside.

I go to the bathroom where I strip off and change and duck into the shower and wash

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CONTINUED

REFLECTION

myself clean. The central heating keeps the whole house warm and there is always plenty of hot water. Throughout the bungalow there is the tang of rubber in the air, more potent perhaps in the bedroom. After the shower, now freshly clean, I put the night rubber wear into the bath to soak, to clean it later after breakfast. Then, washed and shaved, I decide that today I shall not go for a jog but wait a while and then meander alone through the woods at the back of my garden. I slip on the plimsolls once more and pad back to the bedroom. There I open up the dressing table drawer and take out a clean pair of rubber knickers, black this time. I slither them on, my penis quite limp but the testicles heavy. Surprisingly during the night I hadn't ejaculated; I knew I was saving it for the day.

What next shall I wear? A suit (rubber of course) or a dress. A further glance outside and I know that before long it is going to rain. So a suit it will be, with a pair of tight ladies black wellingtons. I kick off the plimsolls and take a black rubber one-piece suit from the wardrobe. It has elasticated wrists and ankles. Bare feet in the wellingtons of course. But first the corset affair around me under my knickers. There, that fixes it. My penis is growing again, sliding up the cool rubber channel and the whispering touch of my knickers caressing the full balls between my thighs. I slip slowly into the rubber suit, easing it up my legs,

dipping my arms into the sleeves and then zipping myself up tight. I glance in the mirror nearby and see the black apparition with a slightly protruding stomach and forty inch bust above. Apart from my short hair and lack of make-up I could be a woman. I take a pair of rubber gloves and ease them on over my hands, first dusting them with talcum so that they slide on more easily. I put on a black bathing cap over my hair after I have brushed it, then pull up the hood of the suit. Only my face is now exposed. Wellingtons next, forcing my feet into the tightness, but finding that once they are on my feet are pleasantly comfortable. I can walk for miles with these without discomfort.

Wash night clothes

Breakfast then, and a wash of my night clothes, hanging them up to dry. Then make the bed, wiping down and dusting with talcum the beautiful rubber sheets. It is ready now for when I go to bed that night, or perhaps if I have a restful nap after my walk and dinner. By now I am quite warm inside my rubber suit, but it is a warmth I love and have come to adore in my worship of rubber. I am almost ready for my walk. A glance outside again reveals grey threatening skies, but as yet no rain. It will rain soon, of that I am sure.

Now comes the moment of choice, to select the most suitable mackintosh to wear. The wardrobe lies to my right, the doors

open to reveal all down the one wall the range of colours of my wonderful mackintoshes and capes. I shall be out in the open, in the daylight, so I must be dressed in a way that will not attract too much attention! So I choose a black tafetta, heavily rubbered, with very full skirt and about calf length. I whisk it out and slither into its folds with a shudder of excitement, panting as I hear the toshing sound and waft the scent it brings to my sensitive nostrils. I do it up and smooth out the skirt and belt myself tight. Next I sit down at the dressing table and apply my lipstick and a little mascara to my eyes. A touch of powder too. Then up with the collar, a large floppy brimmed souwester that

hides the hood and most of my face, a quick look again in the mirror, and I am ready.

I step outside. It is very muggy and I can feel the heat beginning to build within my snug attire, my penis hard and pushing its way deeper into its rubber channel. I lock the door, dip my rubber gloved hands into pockets and go down the garden, through the gate at the bottom and into the woods. There is no wind and no other people and I might well be alone. I feel a spatter of rain. Soon it is beating down with increasing intensity, splashing off the trees on to my beloved mackintosh. I walk happily, not a care in the world.

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Mrs E.J. of London Stars Again

Dear Heather,

Thank you for featuring my wife in "Mackintosh of the Month" in issue number 18 and also for publishing the letter in number 17. I have enclosed some more photographs as an entry for your competi-

tion. The photographs are entries for, the most bizarre outfit, and of course the best photo of a female.

The garments featured in the photographs include a red rubber lined cire mackintosh, a shiny rubber surfaced black mack, a black



nylon rubber lined cape a black latex and of course rubber knickers and stockings.

We were both really impressed by the photographs of Mrs D. of Berks in No 22 especially the rear shots of your lovely black mack stretched tight over your bottom. Lets have some more of those Mrs D. and also the pictures of you in your white mack and tight suit.

My wife has just purchased an off white rubber lined mack in the trench-coat style and I must say, it smells and sounds great. She has been wearing it to work regularly, hopefully giving rubber admirers a glance of that creamy smooth lining. Hope to get some pictures of it for you soon Heather and a couple of photos of "Rubber Sightings".

If you publish any of our photographs we would like to take you up on the free copy of Smooth. Mr and Mrs E.J. (London),

Thank you so very much Mr E.J. for some more absolutely fantastic photos of your rubber-clad wife. I have passed your letters to my publisher so that the question of your complimentary copy of Smooth is dealt with to your satisfaction. I am sure readers will be pleased to read your description of the rubberwear your wife is wearing for them, and I am certain they would be even more delighted if you could, in a future letter, describe some of your rubbering games you enjoy together.

I eagerly await your photos for the 'Rubber Sightings' page, and in the meantime your photos will, of course, be considered for the photo competition. Thanks once again and I return your wish for 'Happy Rubbering'.

Heather.

TRYING TO UNDERSTAND

Dear Heather,

Some time ago you asked for more photos and my views on the garments. First may I give my thanks for enabling me, through the contents of your magazine, to make contact with Abra Creations and Designs.

They understand Latex, its design and nature in relation to the human figure. Also I must praise South Bucks Rainwear, their incredibly reasonable prices and even more amazing return of order are exceptional.

I enclose some photos to use if you like. To analyse the reasons are difficult but I will try. I suppose I first became aware of rubber as a small boy crouched under the stairs in an air raid. To smell and brush against the coat that hung there aroused feelings I did not understand at that age. I still am unsure if that response to smell of rubber, the sound of rustling folds, the tactile feel to the fingers, is a combination of senses born or cultivated by environmental factors.

So often we exhort children not to touch, to handle is naughty. It may well be the senses of sharp-smooth, soft-hard have to be developed in the same way as vision. I am for myself, aware that rubber exercises all of the senses to culminate in a surfeit of exciting stimulation. Perhaps this excess of sensory

enjoyment has given to its being frowned on as not a material for every occasion in prudish circles. The itch of a woolly vest must through discomfort formulate a strong character, is a theory still with us. I can see the danger of worshipping rubber. Like any experience that beguiles and swirls the senses to unexplored dimensions it has to be under control. The slow progression must be calculated or the appetite becomes jaded.

Rubber gives me feelings that no words can describe, it clings, the folds hanging straight or curving softly to emphasise the form of the body. It has a strength to hold and firm, to move as part of the body or to fall free and gently caress and tantalise with its thin slippery cascades. It reflects light making the form of the body highlighted much as the sculptor or artist might carve or paint the human form.

Its warmth and smell making an extra skin and spreading awareness of potential fires in the body over vast areas not normally possible.

Total enclosure and gentle restraint divorce the body and mind from every day concerns and leave the mind free to wander along avenues not possible in every day hustle and bustle. At this point in come the



"back to the womb" trick cyclists but I think there is more to it than that glib cliché. The chance for isolation allows for meditation divorced from the safety of reality.

Because my work requires me to be dominant I like the submissive role hence the maids outfit. To cross dress I enjoy because it entails movements and feelings strange to my every day character. I also like the feeling of cheating. The packaging being in correct for the product. I often wonder does any women get the same thrill from men's clothes or is it that the feminine fashions relate more in some forms to the body.

I would long to correspond with others but despite the enormous interest in the forms making clothing I have not met anyone sincerely keen to explore aspects of rubber in my area. My good wishes to readers and hope your readers gain understanding from your pages of their own feelings and responses.

Will write again if any interest to members of the rubber fraternity.

Yours sincerely,
M.O., Leeds.



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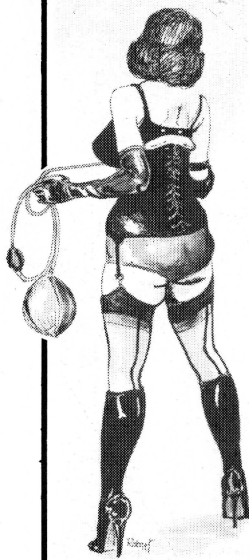
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My Inte Rubber- MACKS

THE SAD FINALE

She looked up quickly, a puckered frown appeared for a second above her nose and then she looked back down at her drink. I remember distinctly this look on her face when I uttered these dramatic words. She said nothing for some time, just stared into her drink. I waited. Finally in a voice so quiet I had to lean forward over the table and ask her to repeat it, she said, "What do you want me to do, exactly?"

What did I want her to do? What a question! I wanted her to wear a rubber mack whenever she went out with me; to wear rubber underclothing too, if possible, so that we could fondle each other in the back of the cinema; I wanted her to go to bed wearing a rubber-lined mack so that the cold lining caressed both our bodies, so that I felt the mack against my testicles as she sat on the top of me and heard, and smelt the mackintosh as I came. I wanted her to walk around the home naked, except for the rubber garments, doing everyday jobs like washing up and cooking in her mack. I wanted to wear a rubberised mackintosh too, so that she could masturbate me in it. That's what I wanted and a thousand things more. But I didn't say so.

I just replied (after careful thought and assessment of the situation): "Oh! well, if you could wear a rubber mackintosh from time to time, when we go out — if it's raining, that is."



rest in Lined

Continued from Smooth No. 23

And we left it at that, for the time being. She declined the offer of coming back to my flat, was uncharacteristically silent as I escorted her home and said that she would think about what I had said. We agreed to meet the next night, in the pub.

That night I found it difficult to sleep, the events of the evening going over and over in my head. I'm not quite sure what I expected but not her reaction. Either total acceptance, or total rejection, perhaps but not this uncertainty. What was she going to say the next evening? Should I even bother to turn up? After all, I wasn't really interested in prolonging an affair and yet she had been a bit different that night. In any case, I was fairly certain that my curiosity alone wouldn't permit me to skip our date.

Believe it or not, I was actually nervous whilst I waited for her. She was late, which wasn't like her (she often had waited for me) and it crossed my mind immediately that she wouldn't come — and I find myself feeling disappointment, strangely enough. But she came. I think I had expected her to come in a smart, new rubber mackintosh (blue, I had imagined for some reason) but no, she wore a light fawn camel coat with headscarf.

We smiled rather sheepishly at each other (or I knew I did) and I got her a drink. I asked her about the office, and for the first time was relieved when she started giving me the days gossip. I didn't think it was up to me to breach the subject of the previous night. Finally, after a slight pause in the conversation she said: "About last night." I waited but couldn't for the life of me look at her at that particular moment. I know I should and tried, but just couldn't. "If you tell me what sort of mack you want me to get, I'll buy it tomorrow." Then I did look up. She looked



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very earnest, and serious and her words sort of hung suspended in the air. I felt tremendous relief, but tired to appear casual as though what she had said was of little consequence. And didn't trust myself to make any comment at first. I just moved and sat next to her, putting my arm over her shoulders. Finally, I told her. "I'd like you to buy one made of cotton or poplin or even satin, but with rubber lining on the inside. But not a tweed or heavy cloth one, even though it is rubberised." (I didn't like those). She pointed with her eyes over to the bar where a girl was standing, wearing a creamish rubberised mack (I had already seen her!) saying: "Like that one?" "Exactly," I replied, "but any colour you like."

Back to my flat

That evening we did go back to my flat! Nothing more was spoken about the mackintosh she would buy the next day nor was the subject mentioned again, yet, throughout the evening I was overcome by an uncollective desire for her that felt as hard as a rock and it just wouldn't subside. I couldn't resist touching and caressing her — which I had never really done before — and she hadn't even bought the mack yet! When we got to the flat we were on each other like two wild animals — without even speaking we had our clothes off and were on the bed. I had never known such a feeling of passion and throbbing tumescence. For the first time I kissed her vagina — but softly and sweetly as though not daring to do more — whilst she caressed my hardness with her tongue. She finally got on top of me, sliding herself in and when we did reach a climax together — for the first time — she was whispering over and over again in my ear: "Darling, darling . . . love me, love me." I shall never forget my shattering orgasm that night.

The next day we had arranged to meet at the bus station after work. I was in a state of great excitement and anticipation, and when I did see her, I quite gasped with delight. She was wearing a long yellow, rubber lined mack, wide belt with 2 sets of 2 buttons (also yellow) above it, 3 more evenly spaced below. She had the top two buttons undone

and I could see the top of her white sweater alongside the glimpse of smooth rubber lining. This time she wasn't at all sheepish as she ran into my arms. "Do you like it," she asked. "Beautiful. Bloody marvellous," I answered. We went later to the cinema and again from the moment we met until we got to my flat, my stiff erection never left me for a second. I didn't honestly know how I was going to get through the evening; I even told her (what I really wanted was for her to stroke me with the rubber inside of her mack, which she had hung over the seat in front at the cinema, so that I could climax into it). But she just implored patience till we got to bed. God it was terrible! At one point I had deliberately to take my eyes off the mack or I would have come unaided into my trousers. Again when we finally got back to the flat a similar scene to that of the previous evening was enacted. She just took off the mack when we got in, before I could really help her, hung it on a peg in the hall and left it there. Any illusions I had about the mack that evening came to nothing. Even so, our lovemaking was overpowering.

Then, in that quiet moment of relaxation and contentment after sex, she began to question me: "Why did I like rubber mackintoshes? What did they do to me?" I told her I honestly didn't know, or understand, why. It was just a fact that had been with me ever since I remembered; they made me excited and gave me an erection; always had. I told her about creeping upstairs with my mothers white mack and lying down on the rubber lining until orgasm. I told her everything (or almost everything) I could remember. And talking about it brought back my erection — which she wasn't slow to notice. Her soft hand started gently stroking it whilst I pulled her naked body to me and began kissing her. I then, on impulse, urged on, no doubt, by the events of the last few days, whispered softly in her ear: "Put your mack on for me."

It was nothing really, not what you would call a reaction and only momentarily, but I just felt her stiffen for a second in my arms. We were both masturbating each other and neither of us stopped. Yet she definitely stiffened. Then she relaxed again and said:



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"Alright, get me it." I was out of bed in a flash. The mack was cold and heavy to the touch as I took it off the peg. I clenched it almost lovingly against my naked body letting the cold rubber brush highly against my throbbing penis as I went back to the bedroom. The smell too — of a brand new mackintosh — that sharp smell was there and the rustling sound as I handed it to her. She grimaced at the cold rubber as I helped her into the sleeves. Then I had my arms around her and couldn't hold myself back as I felt her bare breasts through the mack, holding her as I was from behind; I pulled down the collar kissing the nape of her mack, the scent of the rubber overpowering; I pushed her slightly forward so that she was bent forward over the bed; undid with trembling hands a button at the back which held the inverted pleat together; folded back the two corners of the skirt so that the rubber lining was visible over her bottom and inserted my swollen penis between the pleat and into her vagina. I was only just in time as the mere fact of entry was sufficient to create a shuddering climax. As she moved forward, some of the white fluid came out and splashed on the rubber lining at the back, as we both collapsed on the bed.

Took mack off

Later she got up and took the mack off; I'm not sure how long after we both eventually got dressed and I took her home. She didn't wear the mack, carrying it over her arm. I didn't mind; I was in a way glad she wasn't wearing it. Maybe it was the afterglow of what happened but I occasionally stole a sideways glance at her as I drove back and she looked prettier somehow.

We arranged to go out on Saturday to a village dance out of town. I picked her up from work and to my great disappointment wasn't wearing the mack, I made no comment; We went to the dance (I drank a little too much) and then we went back to my flat, we made love, but rather perfunctorily. I put it down to the drink. Actually what had amazed me more than anything was the fact that a young fellow had asked her to dance on several occasions and she had readily

accepted — he was a school friend, she argued. It was the first time, anyway, that I had seen her animated in company as we had gone in a small group. She had proved the most attractive of every girl there, so I was quite proud of her.

The next time we went out it was to be the cinema again. Although it wasn't exactly raining it was overcast and I was mentally rubbing my hands in anticipation. Yet when I met her again at the bus station, she was still not wearing the mack — in fact it was raining when we left the cinema — and although I said nothing there and then I'm sure my displeasure was evident: She soon asked me what I was so grumpy about. We found time for a quick drink in a pub when we left the cinema and as we sat down I said, rather casually. "Where's your mack? You'll get wet in the rain."

Looked up quickly

She looked up rather quickly: "I'm not going to wear it again. It's not right."

"What's not right?" I was immediately indignant.

"What you do with a mack. What we did the other night — it sort of frightened me. I talked over with my parents — they already knew we were sleeping together — and they said I definitely shouldn't wear the mack and that we should talk about it before going any further".

"Your parents!" I remember almost shouting. "You told your parents?" I just couldn't believe it. "What is there to talk about anyway?" I had been a fool, I thought, I should have just left her weeks ago. Yet she looked more desirable than ever, that was the annoying part, and more sure of herself than before, or anyway more sensible.

"I've been thinking everything over for the last few days," she went on. "I think we ought not to see each other for a while, get about, meet other people. It isn't good to spend all the time in bed at your flat."

And so it turned out. We parted — good friends but never lovers again. And hardly a day has passed since then when she doesn't enter my thoughts at least once.

Salop.

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HELP, young couple seeking single bi-sexual lady who has fetish for rubber, we can accommodate, live in country. There must be someone who is seeking friendship with us? Genuine replies. **Box 00 80**

SUBMISSIVE couple, 30's, seek a dominant unattached female rubberist AC/DC for lasting relationship we could share expenses, have spare room, don't be lonely come to us please, come, take command of both of us. **Box 00 81**

MALE, living in Liechtenstein likes rubber sheets, enema, hospital like environment,

would like invitations to a private/nurse's home as a paying guest for 1-2 weeks. Also interested in rubber aprons, gloves, and knickers. **Box 00 82**



S.H.K. Essex would very much like to contact R.S. Suffolk, Miss T.D. Devon and Gwen for photo correspondence involving

rubber and gas masks, with a view to sharing some future rubber sessions. S.H.K. has proper facilities — private apartment — photo equipment — Video and an exciting selection of rubber gear. S.H.K. is 38 years of age — slim and clean limbed wishing to enjoy and discuss rubber games with a genuine partner, also to enjoy stimulation of rubber fantasies. **Box 00 83**

MALE, 39, own rubber clothes, would like to meet rubber lady especially Miss. T.D. of Devon and Mrs. D. of Berks. (No 22). Travel anywhere for rubber interest with lasting relationship. Lives Midlands. **Box 00 84**

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HAPPY SQUELCHING

Dear Heather,

I am a life-long and active rubber-lover, a satisfied reader of Smooth and a great admirer of the way you write about rubber and apparently enjoy it. I am very surprised that so few of your correspondents have written about one of the great pleasures of the rubber scene, i.e. wading and wallowing in mud and even splashing about in muddy water when clad in rubber. I enjoy it myself and know 5 other people, including two women, my latest girl-friend and one of my cousins, with whom I sometimes share my squelchy rubbery sex-play.

◆ To be warm and 'dry' inside rubber clothes which are very wet and muddy on the outside and to feel one mud-lubricated-thigh rub against the other as we walk and splash around is a great feeling which must be enjoyabel to all rubberists. And for a man to feel and fondle rubber-covered, muddy, wet breasts, buttocks and thighs with rubber-gloved hands gives great pleasure to any man or woman who loves rubber.

There are two types of mud — clean and dirty, the main difference I think being smell! Clean mud is made with decayed and therefore dead vegetable matter and soil. Dirty mud is made with animal excreta or still-decaying vegetable matter and I don't like it very much myself. It is the clean variety which I and my rubber-loving friends seek out but we are not squeamish if we come across some of the other in the course of our mud-larking because of course we are completely rubbered except for parts of our faces and it is from fear of picking up infection that I try to avoid the dirty mud. My earthy rubber friend who likes farmyards, etc. always wears at least two layers of full rubber protective alotingh and a gas-mask and has a powerful hose-down when he gets back home to his country cottage.





Coming back to more wholesome mud-larking, I should like to describe the unique pleasures to be obtained from my kind of mud which is found at the edge of parks,

lakes, streams, on sea-shores at river estuaries and in low-lying marsh land such as the Fens. Obviously it is impossible to walk or wade in deep mud and it could be very dangerous to try because of the treacherous and often fatal 'quick-sand effect'. We therefore seek a pool adjacent to firm ground in which the mud is thigh-to-waste deep, depending on the rubbers we are wearing or alternatively a pool of mud no more than knee-deep in which we can sit or kneel.

I am talking now about mud-play other than just splashing or rolling about in a shallow muddy stream or small pond. The deeper mud exerts pressure on your rubber-covered thighs and groin different from and greater than just water, although I admit to enjoying wading waist-deep against a fast-flowing river.

My favourite rubber favourites for this are either chest-high rubber waders (high rubber trousers glued to rubber boots) or what are called latex body waders, thinner rubber trousers with rubber socks attached which fishermen wear with wool socks and old boots, over which I wear my good old-fashioned Dunlop rubber thigh boot



waders. Of course the rubber boots fill with thin mud between my rubber legs and the boots. The thrill of walking then (on firm ground) with my rubber-vocered legs massaged by stiffish but pliable rubber thigh boots, heaving my rubber covered feet squelching with every step has to be experienced to be believed but is 'out of this world' for a keen rubberist.

This may all sound rather limited to some

of your rubber readers but it is another aspect of the rubber scene and I love them all. My girl-friend has recently taken some photos of one of our muddy exploits.

Please continue to titillate and satisfy our rubber appetites, Heather. Happy rubber knickering — what a sexual picture that was!

F.Y., Sussex.

P.S. My girl-friend has now read this and made me send it to you.

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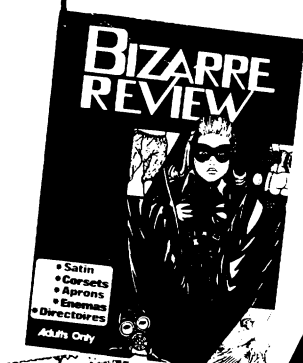
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PRAISE FOR URSULA FROM AFAR

Dear Ms. Random,

If this small intrusion strikes you as somewhat over-eager, please allow my plea for your indulgence; it is not a 'fan letter', but rather a serious endeavour to communicate an extemporaneous reaction/thought provoked by the following:-

Several weeks ago, during a short safari to the Kenya coast, I was shown two of your 'rubber' drawings by a German tourist met at one of the coastal hotel bar. And I hasten to confess they both had incredible impact visually, and initially; there is real craft in that drawing.

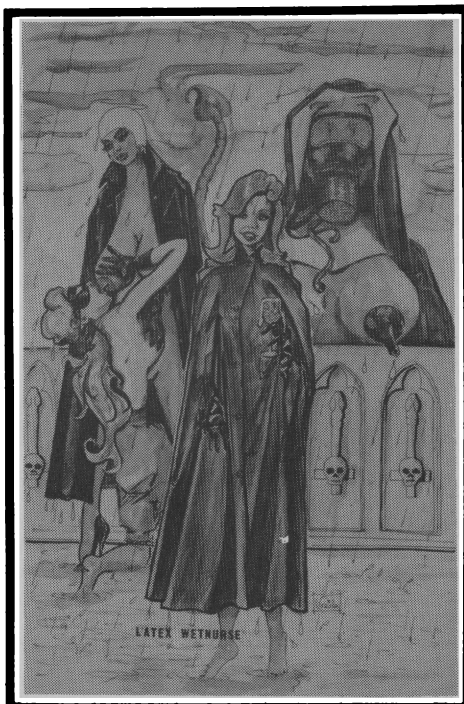
Although 'rubber' is not particularly a focus of mine, most forms of erotic sensuality, if not bold sexuality, are. My primary interest(s) centres basically around most any aspect of lesbianism, but particularly lesbianism in a female/female domination context. Your drawings — and I only had the opportunity to view two of them — demonstrated a wonderfully soft, sensual eroticism with strong undertones/overtones of lesbian domination. But what element I found most overpowering was the fact that they were both intelligent. And that, good lady, is for certain a very rare happening in contemporary erotic or pseudo-erotic art. And for that experience I thank you very much indeed.

It struck me that perhaps you ought to consider (assuming, rashly, you have not already) finding a 'serious' publisher for your work, particularly the more subtle drawing, who would publish/market your work not as esoteric erotica but as art, or even a demarcation of contemporary sociology; it's a thought. And I am not exactly talking through my butt in such matters. I have published, what I would like to consider reasonably 'serious', 2 thin works in b/w photography of rather mellow female/female domination in a highly oral lesbian context. I am, slowly (as East Africa is something of an erotic waste-land and thus difficult to find warm and keen people) doing a photo-essay on black (African) and white (Italian) lesbianism with a slight domination twist to

it. I'd be interested in knowing if you have produced any work on this theme.

At any rate, I think you should extend considerable thought to publishing your work from what might perhaps be called a more 'positive' approach; it certainly has merit.

Yours,
A.S.S., Nairobi.



Although this letter was addressed to me I feel sure the writer must be referring to the URSULA drawings. Thank you A.S.S. for the compliments, 'Ursula' will be delighted that you took the trouble to write from as far away as Kenya to speak so highly of the drawings. Our readers can be more fortunate than you A.S.S. because they can obtain 16 large drawings, full of detail, together with my own personal observations on each exciting rubber depiction.

Thanks once again A.S.S.

Heather Random.

Eyes on Rubber and Latex Fashion

RUBBER RAINSLICKER U.S.A.

By Georg Schwartz

Photo by Georg Schwartz

(New York City/special to Smooth magazine)

The 1920's classic slicker-garb of the college people and the rubberized steamer as well the long western-slicker used by the cowboy's for many years has been the rain-uniform of the young, the not-so-young and, in between for quite some time.

In other words, the rubber slicker have risen to a new and very improved popularity in it's homeland U.S.A.

We are witnessing some kind of glorification of the slickers in American and sportsfashion, a spokesman from one of the leading fashion-houses in New York Saks Fifth Avenue, said.

The rubber rainslickers are here.

And you wouldn't want to get caught in the rain in anything less than a rubber rainslicker.

Leading American fashion designers such as Ralph Lauren and Alice Blaine has already their own rubber rainslickers "on the streets" in most places in USA. At Bloomingdales on Third Avenue in New York City you can be outward bound in Alice Blaine's sensational rubber steamer, rigged and ready for rain or fun. It is the steamer raincoat a splash of purple or tan. Long, to cover the rubber boot.

The rubber slicker USA, gleaming, noisy and very fashionable.





Saks Fifth Avenue



Speaking of the weather... take a shine to rainy days by keeping bone-dry and looking snappy to boot! Our calf-length city slicker has a rear Western yoke, corduroy cotton collar and cuffs, and metal snaps. In sea foam green or yellow. Rubber on cotton canvas for sizes 8 to 20; '35. Boys Sportswear Collections, Second Floor...where we are all the things you are.

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**I invite readers
to send me their
photos for this**

Rubber Sightings Page

**My address is:
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FANTASY

Basil took hold of my arm through the rubber punishment suit and escorted me to the impressive front door of Belviour Hall. He pulled a large brass knob to the left of the door, and I could hear the jangling of bells and movement of feet as we waited outside. The door swung open and I was greeted with a most amazing sight. All the domestic staff were lined up down the hall ready for me to meet them in turn. The butler closed the door silently behind us as we entered.

All the domestic staff were wearing uniforms to mark their status in the house but the most surprising thing was that the men were all in short trousers and school uniform. The butler and footman were dressed similarly to the chauffeur wearing grey rubber shirts, socks and shorts with matching blazers, caps and tie in a distinctive red and green stripe with a badge. The cook and the three housemaids were dressed in a slightly more usual style, but I noticed that they were all wearing rubber uniforms. The cook had on a blue rubber dress with long sleeves, a high neckline and the very full skirt swirled around her ankles. She also wore a brilliant white rubber apron and a rubber cap to protect her hair. She looked very smart with matching white cuffs and neckline to the dress.

Arm released

My right arm was released from my rubber punishment suit and I was introduced in turn to the staff. As I shook hands with the last girl, a maid called Daisy, I noticed a twinge of sympathy in her eyes as she carefully studied my predicament — severely restricted inside the punishment suit, and still with the ball gag in my mouth. I wondered if she had ever experienced the terrible feeling of a gag in her mouth for hours on end, as I was undergoing now.

After the introductions my bags were taken from the car by the footman, and I was shown to my room in the servants quarters.

The servants quarters were situated in the basement of the house, which I learnt later had once been the cells where Lord Belviour's ancestors had imprisoned those tenants who owed him money. I was shown to my room which was sparsely furnished with an iron bed, a dressing table, chair and a small mat on the stone floor. In addition a large built in wardrobe covered the whole of one side of the room. John the footman placed my heavy bags on the bed, left the room and locked the door behind him as he left. My arm had been zipped back in the internal sleeve of the suit, so I was unable to unpack the bags. I sat down on the hard wooden chair for a rest and to try and take in all the extraordinary happenings of the last hour or two. I had lost all sense of time since being picked up. The only light in my room now came from the small barred window set high up in the wall at one end.

It was not long before I heard the key turn in the lock and Daisy entered. She walked stiffly and uncomfortably across to the bags on the bed. As she walked I heard a faint metallic noise that puzzled me. I dearly longed to talk to Daisy, but of course that was impossible due to my gag still holding my mouth open. Daisy undid the bags and quickly busied herself in unpacking. I watched in amazement at the number and variety of rubber clothes and restraining items that were revealed as she filled the wardrobe. She packed everything away except a few items that she left folded neatly on the bed. This was to be my uniform for the first few days as a maid in Belviour House.

She placed the empty rubber bags in the bottom of the wardrobe beside the three pairs of rubber boots. A very strong smell of new rubber was everywhere in my room, and Daisy now turned her attention to me. It was a great relief to be released from the rubber punishment suit and gag. I spent some time flexing my muscles and rubbing my mouth.

COLLEGE OF RUBBER DISCIPLINE

BY R. S.
SUFFOLK

She stripped all my rubber school uniform off me, and I shivered when standing in the nude, for it was none too warm in my underground room. I stood and watched as she carefully wiped each garment, powdered the rubber and hung it in my wardrobe. While she was doing this I asked her several questions but got no reply. Finally she turned to me and opened her mouth a little, and I was able to see the hard rubber gag which was inserted in her mouth. It was not visible from the outside when her mouth was closed as it was skillfully fixed in place over her teeth.

My turn

Now it was my turn to be dressed. Daisy first of all pulled a pair of black rubber stockings up my legs and then a pair of soft blue rubber knickers. These were long in the leg and the elastic immediately bit deeply into my legs and waist. I then found out why Daisy walked so stiffly, because she attached an inverted U shaped strip of metal up between my legs. The top of the U was held in place by a strap between my legs to a belt around my waste, and a leg band attached to each end of the U strip was fastened around my legs below my knees. The jangling noise I had heard when she walked was caused by a chain fixed between the two leg irons. This whole ensemble was very uncomfortable to wear at first, but the chain did not prevent

me walking, however the steel band did make it difficult to walk, and impossible to run. Over this horrible contraption I had to wear a black latex dress trimmed with frills of white latex around the sleeves, neck and hem. The neckline was cut so low that I had to be careful that my breasts did not flop out if I was careless as I had no bra to wear. The dress was knee length so it covered the metal band and chain between my legs. A small white apron with a bib contrasted vividly with the black rubber dress, and on my arms I had to wear a pair of tight fitting elbow length black rubber gloves. To complete my uniform she selected a pair of rubber boots from the wardrobe which had very high heels, and fitted my legs closely up to my knees.

She motioned me to follow her out into the corridor and upstairs to see the Master. It was uncomfortable enough to hobble along stiff legged on the level, but climbing the stairs was very painful in my crotch area until I had mastered the easiest way to do it.

Daisy and I entered the drawing room where Lord Belviour was relaxing reading the daily paper. I was surprised to see that Lady Belviour was sitting in front of an electric fire tied very securely to an upright chair with arms. She was dressed in a rubber mackintosh with hood up, rubber boots and she had a gag in her mouth. It was obvious that she was unable to move because of the ropes binding her to the chair, and she was

extremely hot inside her rubber mackintosh and hood.

Lord Belviour ordered me to kiss his rubber boots which I did immediately, and as I bent over on the floor, he gave me a hefty whack with a two pronged leather tawse on my rubber covered behind. It did not hurt too much but it served as a reminder of my status in the house.

"I expect you are wondering why I have brought you here Alison?" He said. "Your mother and Miss Honey have both agreed that to assist your training, you will join my staff as a maid servant for the duration of your holiday. As you may have gathered I am very rich and as such I can buy anything I wish, and that includes servants. This house is run on very strict discipline and any breaches of the rules will be rewarded with extremely uncomfortable punishments. You will no doubt have noticed that all my servants are undergoing a punishment at the moment. This is because they slacked in their work when I was away, and the house was not immaculately clean on my return. For the rest of this week all my male servants will be wearing boys school uniform with short trousers which is very degrading for them, especially when out in the public eye. The maids and kitchen staff are all wearing similar devices to the one that you have had secured between your legs, and Daisy is gagged as an additional punishment for talking out of place. Let this be a warning to you should you ever dream of disobeying my orders.

I am deeply devoted to the art of bondage, as you can observe, my wife also experiences great sexual pleasure when bound. If you give me good reason I will not hesitate to restrain your movements in a great variety of ways. You may have noticed that I have provided you with a complete wardrobe of clothes and many items of rubber and leather restriction. For the rest of today you will help the cook prepare for the big celebration banquet we are holding tomorrow night, and tomorrow you will accompany her to the shops in the car with Basil. Remember my warning — obey instantly, work constantly."

I worked very hard that evening doing

everything I was ordered to by cook. She was firm but fair with me, and she was pleased with the knowledge of food preparation that I had gained at school. Despite the sparseness of my room I slept soundly from 10 p.m. until woken again at 6 a.m. I was able to snuggle down comfortably between the rubber sheets on my bed, resting my head on the rubber covered pillow.

Awakened by alarm

I was awakened the following morning by an alarm bell ringing loudly in my room. I got up immediately and dressed myself the same as the previous day. I made sure that the straps were tightly secured around my legs and waist, as I did not wish to experience any further punishment just yet. I paid careful attention to my outward appearance, smoothing the rubber dress and apron carefully down over my bottom, and adjusted the white rubber cap to cover my hair. I looked and felt a fool, but I realised that there was no use feeling sorry for myself. I had to make the best of my unfortunate situation that I could. I have learnt very painfully that to rebel against my betters is a foolish thing to do.

The shopping expedition to the Town with cook and Basil. None of us were ordered to wear rubber mackintoshes, so our unusual uniforms were on full view for all to see and *smell*. As it was a Saturday the shops were crowded, and Basil held my hand the whole while. Many a time I saw his face go a bright scarlet when he received comments from people, especially about his humiliating uniform shorts. By now the shop keepers had become used to seeing cook in her blue rubber uniform, but to see Basil in shorts was very amusing indeed. His brightly coloured uniform blazer and cap also caused amusement amongst many other shoppers. I believe most people who noticed my unusual gait thought I had a disability of some sort so were sympathetic rather than mocking which helped a great deal.

Continued in Next Month's Smooth.

A Rubberist from the U.S.A.

Dear Heather,

It was really a pleasure to pick up a copy of Smooth at a local adult book shop here in the U.S. I subscribe to a very good U.S. magazine called "Rubber Life", but its format does not include the correspondence where readers can communicate their thoughts and feelings for rubber with others. Confirmation of the value and impact of personal letters with *personal* photographs (not those posed by professional models) is the fact that so many of your readers shared the fact that the letters and photos ended up in their masturbating. In the world of "special" interests for panties, knickers, rubber, leather, etc., masturbation is the ultimate compliment.

The personal touch in your format is very good, where personal feelings are exposed and shared. Even though a professional model posing in rubber garments can be stimulating, the usual publishers statement

that they are professionals and that the text does not represent their personal feelings, is somewhat of a "turn-off" to me.

So keep up the good work. I'm sure that other U.S. rubber devotees who have seen Smooth have enjoyed it as fully as I did, including my masturbatory tribute to all your rubber-loving subscribers.

I have recently ordered some new rubber garments from South Bucks Rainwear Co. and hope to bring them with me on a business trip to England scheduled for later this year. The meetings are scheduled in Brighton, and I would hope that you could put me in contact with some middle aged rubber devotees (female or TV) who live in the Brighton-Hove area. When the time is closer for the trip, I'll be in touch with you again, and you may have had a response from some readers by then.

Sincerely,
H.B.B., U.S.A.

MACKINTOSH RECOGNITION

Dear Smooth,

I am writing to tell you about my latest Mackintosh Experience last evening (Saturday) in a Pub in the West End. The day had been sunny and warm and I had on my blue denim rubber-lined jeans and carried over my arm one of my lighter-weight mackintoshes, off-white in colour. The Pub I went into was fairly full but I suddenly noticed a woman sitting on a stool by the counter who was wearing a fawn putty-coloured mackintosh which was obviously rubber-lined. I got much closer for a better look. She was a heavy-built woman of about 40 years old with red-hennaed hair cut quite short. Her mackintosh was unbuttoned and revealed a short above-knee length blue denim skirt and low-cut matching blue denim blouse. She wore no stockings and had on light coloured canvas shoes, and not much make-up save for some scarlet lipstick.

I stood right next to her as I ordered a drink. Then I gave her a glance and she smiled. She said she was glad that better weather had come but that I like herself still had a mackintosh at hand. I said that mackintoshes such as ours were always handy and easy to carry or wear and she replied that she never went out without one except in a heatwave! Then she told me she knew of a quieter Pub not far away and we left. As we left she wrapped her mackintosh around herself and fastened up the belt very tightly. I just felt that she was egging me on as we crossed the road I slipped my arm around her waist and my hand felt one of her large breasts beneath her mackintosh. She asked me if I wanted a bit of fun and I agreed to go back to her flat with her. On the way she told me that she knew that I was interested in rubber mackintoshes as soon as she'd seen me look at her and it was a fact

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that lots of other chaps were as well — she said that was one reason she always wore a mackintosh herself.

On arrival in her bedroom she stripped and pulled on a smooth black rubber mackintosh and we got to work — and she was a powerful worker! I shall meet her again shortly I hope.

M.M.

PHOTOS PROMISED

Dear Heather,

Thanks again for publishing my letter in Smooth No 21, yet again it was a superb issue.

The College of Rubber Discipline was good and your story Heather, entitled 'Rubber Weekend' was fantastic, it's the best thing I have ever read in Smooth.

Sorry, but I still have no photos to send you Heather, but I promise next time I write I will send some. I managed to get hold of a gasmask through Exchange and Mart, I really enjoy wearing it. It fits really close and tight to my face and each breath you take smells and tastes of rubber. I usually wear it about four times a week, when I am at home watching TV or doing my chores.

The girl who I told you about on my Avon list has bought herself a rubber nightie from Kastley. It is in black latex rubber, ankle-length with elasticated cuffs and a zip front. She really liked it and when she put it on to show me it looked really great. She wears it nearly every night in bed and she says she cannot wait to get some more rubberwear.

Last Saturday I invited her over for tea and we spent all evening dressing in rubber together, she tried on my macs, dresses, skirts, everything and she really is hooked.

She has borrowed my red rubberised satin mac which she really liked. She has also taken all my copies of Smooth to read.

It was great fun dressing each other up in rubber, so much so I have invited her next weekend as well.

I have just sent for a gorgeous S.B.R. mackintosh from South Bucks Rainwear, it

has a very full skirt, an eyelet belt and is single breasted, I can't wait for it to come.

Finally Heather, I have written a poem that I would like you and your readers opinion of.

*I love the feel of rubber,
Don't know how it began.
I wear my lovely latex clothes,
As often as I can.*

*When I put on my rubber things,
I'm captured by their smell,
And when I think, I also love
The sound they make as well.*

*I like my mackintoshes best
Each one that I possess,
Gives me the most exquisite joy
When I feel it's caress.*

*I dress in rubber every day
For work, for home, for bed.
I also love the feel of latex
Close around my head.*

*I've latex nighties, latex skirts,
Rubber aprons too,
Latex suits, latex capes
To name only a few.*

*I've rubber sheets and pillowcases,
Rubber underwear,
Latex dresses, latex gloves,
Of which I take good care.*

*To be fully dressed in rubber
It really is a treat,
And by putting on a gasmask
My outfit is complete.*

*I love to wear a gasmask,
I really, really do.
It gives each breath you take
The taste and smell of rubber too.*

Hope you like it Heather, I will write again soon with some photos.

Yours faithfully,
Carole.

*Make sure you keep your promise Carole
and let readers have the opportunity of
sharing your macking pleasure through your
photos.*

Heather.

MACKINTOSH SEDUCTION

Dear Smooth,

I have just been gloating my eyes on the cover page of your No 17 edition and there is no doubt that the attractive young lady really likes wearing her black mackintosh skirt. (The young lady on the second page seems to know something about mackintoshes as well). And then I saw a small photo of the Mackintosh Queen herself — Hilda. (What has happened to you Hilda?).

Then Heather Random rambles on very nicely and one goes over the pages of Mackintosh Fantasy and rather dark photos until one reaches the much better centre pages which are very good. This girl really knows what mackintosh wear is about and how to wear it.

Further letters

Then some further letters, photos and adverts until one reaches pages 48 and 49 with the exciting and tarty-looking nurse in her rubber apron and with the syringe in her hand. Also she really looks the type of nurse who would enjoy giving enemas, the more painful the better.

One sunny afternoon recently in Central London I had a very pleasant experience. I was myself wearing my skin-tight blue rubber lined denim jeans and mid thigh length parka mackintosh, the smooth yellow rubber outside which has grown smoother and darker in colour through constant wear and which I wear secured with a black rubber mackintosh belt. I noticed a fair-haired young lady looking in a shop window. She was of medium height and well proportioned with a large bottom and had on very tight-fitting pale blue denim jeans flared at the bottom of the legs, and a sleeveless denim blue vest. Over one of her arms she carried a shiny black mackintosh which very smooth and rubbery looking. She glanced at me and for a fraction of a second our eyes met. Did I note the slightest hint of a smile on

her face? She walked slowly on, her denimed hips swaying as she did so. I didn't immediately follow but kept her in sight. Then the hoped-for thing unexpectedly happened as in the distance I saw her put on her mackintosh. I quickly and discreetly lessened the distance between us by which time she was fastening the belt of her mackintosh, very tightly. It was a superb mackintosh falling in thin ultra-smooth suppleness to a length well below her knees. She adjusted her sling hand-bag over her shoulder and her hands moved slowly over her tightly mackintoshed hips. (Beneath my rubberized jeans my hard erection was rapidly growing harder). I gradually caught up with this young woman and drew alongside of her. "Excuse me!" I said, and she stopped to look at me. I told her that I couldn't help admiring her very nice mackintosh. She seemed pleased and told me that she'd bought it way back in Canada where she told me they were imported from Israel. I remarked that the material was superb whilst not actually rubber. She agreed and told me that it was polyurethane which was even slinkier than rubber and was absolutely air proof.

Recall an affair

I also recall an affair I had with an older woman when I was also in my late teens. At that time I'd got a bit of a religious hang-up and was always going to church. The older woman friend was what could be described as a Left-Winged Agnostic. She disapproved of my church going and I also told her of my love of rubber mackintoshes, of which she possessed two, both fawn rubberized ones. She then seduced me mercilessly and was the first person to initiate me into Mackintosh Sex — both of us naked in her bedroom and she wearing one of her mackintoshes and me the other one!

Mackintosh Man.



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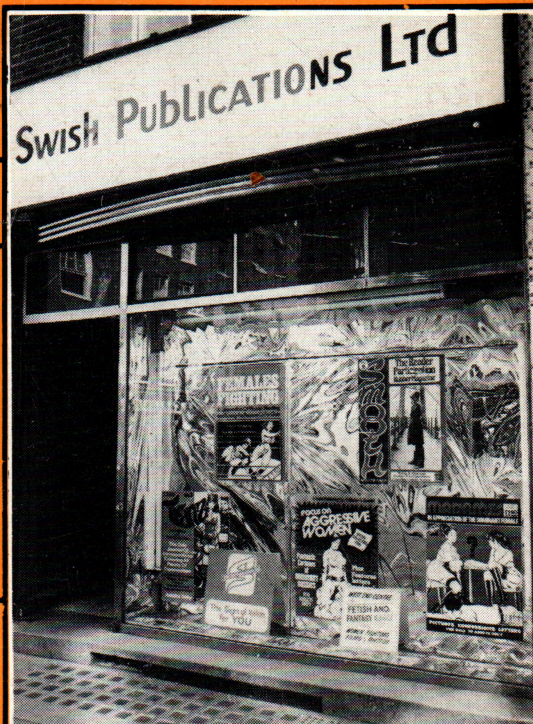
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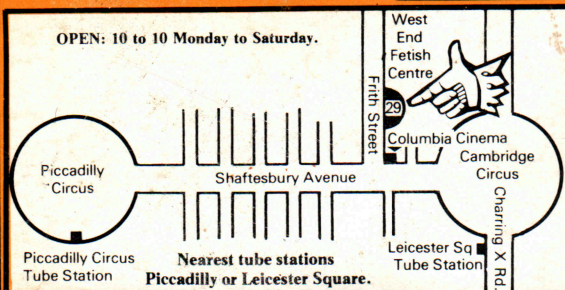
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